

The Hele Loas Invade Hanapepe

Hanapepe is looked upon by the Hele Loas as a most attractive outing, a real hike and one of transcendent beauty and interest. So there was a full turn out for it last Saturday morning, numbering finally some thirty odd enthusiastic participants.

In the Old Ladies Row.

Some few were detained however, to converse with the internal revenue men in the matter of federal income taxes and could join the expedition only later in the day and must perforce take their place in the "old ladies row," at the rear. Among them was the leader, Mr. Lydgate, so he delegated his authority to Judge Dickey, and his son, Percy.

A Shower Stalls the Cars.

It was a lovely day, with clear skies and light fleecy clouds—yet just as they got to the nearest grade on the road before it dips down into the valley, a shary shower of rain so vicious and so wet, that it left the road temporarily impassible—the cars skidded as though climbing a greased pole.

There was nothing for it but to de-bark and take to hiking, though it added a long pull to a hike that was long and hard enough without that addition. There was no more rain and the road soon dried up, so that later cars found go difficulty in making the full distance into the valley.

A Leisurely Time in the Old Ladies Row.

Meantime, the old ladies row was reinforced until it became quite a colony. They amused themselves in a leisurely way, walking along the big ditch overlooking the valley below with a fresh panorama of great beauty at every turn. Some took pictures, some took off their shoes and stockings and dangled their feet in the clear, cold current as it sped by. Some watched the tropic birds flying to and fro among the cliffs opposite and some studied the beautiful checkerboard patterns in the rice and taro patches below.

The first mile or so was mostly down hill. After crossing the river the real hiking began, a stiff up-grade for about half a mile. Then we started on the flume. We had all heard so much about walking on a flume and indeed many of us felt some tripdithon about it, but after that pull up-hill, we were all glad to walk on the level, even tho' it were on a foot-wide plank.

On and on, the trail led, sometimes up hill, some times down, some times along the flume and some times along the cool fern bordered ditch. Once, or twice, we even went up steep narrow steps.

At every turn a fresh picture greeted us. We looked down on the tops of lofty kukul trees set in natural amphitheater and in the distance majestic mountains towering one behind the other. Then, there was the river winding in and out its rocky course with deep-shaded pools here and there and miniature falls threatening their way down the mountain sides.

After three hours we reached the falls, which are undoubtedly the highest on Kauai. They are very narrow at the top of the cliff, but spread out like a lovely, misty bridal veil as they fall to the pool some 300 feet below.

Here the forty divided. There were those who wanted to swim right away, and who lost no time. Then, there were those who thought more of satisfying the inner man and so postponed their swimming until after lunch, when came one of the treats of the day, swimming in the ditch. Even those who had been in earlier, were lured in again.

All who did not care to swim in the ditch started walking back, resting and enjoying the scenery on the way, as well as refreshing themselves with guavas and oranges as they had on the way up. Indeed they loafed along so successfully that most of the swimming party caught up with them on the home stretch.

Just as we neared the last hill we gave a shout of joy. The roads had dried considerably and due to the foresight of Mr. Lydgate, the cars had been brought up about a half mile nearer us. It is said that the last half mile is the longest. This time we were fortunate enough to have it eliminated entirely.

After each trip we say "This is the best trip of all," but this time we say it with even more emphasis. For hiking and good scenery, it is hard to beat—but if we are to judge by past experiences, Mr. Lydgate always has something better in store for us.

The Hikers Straggle Back.

It was about 4 o'clock in the afternoon before the first detachment of the hikers got back and they proved to be two "tenderfeet" maidens, literally, who got enough long before they got there.

The next detachment turned up

about 5 o'clock, but they were real "get-there's" who had made it easily and still had a lot of "go" left in them.

The balance kept stringing along until it was 6 o'clock before the last lame contingent, rounded up by Judge Dickey.

They were admittedly tired, some were frankly "all in" but were happy and most enthusiastic about the perfectly wonderful day they had had.

On the Beach at Hanapepe.

A hurried flight brought them in a few minutes to the Hanapepe beach where the leader had picked out a nice, secluded, grassy spot, and in the gathering darkness a fire was quickly made, the various sections of the commissariat committee fell into place, and everyone not otherwise assigned, was hustled out to gather up wood for the evening bonfire, with Percy as bonfire master.

They Were All There.

Yielding to the insistent pressure of a ravenous, impatient crowd, the head cook allowed the rice to go out when he knew it was wasn't half done but he did it in self-defense, they would have mobbed him if he hadn't—and anyway they ate it without demur. Fried bacon, coffee, potato salad, bread and butter and jam etc., completed the bill of fare; and all disappeared like a light snow in spring.

About the Bonfire.

Meantime, the bonfire had been started and was blazing up in full reaches of ruddy flame and about it the crowd reclined in a circle on the grass, a picture of contentment and freedom. But only for a few minutes! Those who had been the worst done-out before supper suddenly revived and were now as spry as kittens and had to work off their new found energy with athletic stunts and games. Then there was singing—solos by Mrs. Rogers, the Hele Loa prima dona; and general singing by the crowd.

Then came recitations and impersonations and finally, old Hawaiian stories.

The Reluctant Break-up.

And before they knew, all too soon, it was time to go home. Some of the girls said, "Oh, why can't we stay here all night, it won't be cold and we can keep the fire burning!" But older heads knew better. Reluctantly they gathered up their traps and started for home, which they reached just as the movies were closing, a weary but happy and enthusiastic bunch.

Love Pirates Capture Hearts of Big Audience

A record crowd, with every seat taken, was captured by the Love Pirates of Hawaii at the Tip Top Theater last Saturday night, in Lihue. The brave, bold pirates viciously chased dull care helter skelter all around the stage. Early in the evening they captured the entire attention of every person in the house. And they never once released it until the strains of Aloha Oe brought everyone to his feet at the end of the performance.

Who was the heroine? What is the name of the hero of the performance? Search me! As near as any one could tell, everybody in the caste was a star or starlette. But if it were necessary to name the brightest of the constellation, Elaine Mahikoa, Catherine Fernandes, George Kuboke and Edward Peller would probably head the list.

Haawian Music.

The performance started with as fair a bunch of Hawaiian maidens as one could hope to see singing a beautiful chorus. They were soon interrupted, pleasantly it is true, by Catherine Fernandes, the Dorothy Dear of the caste. Dorothy was the daughter of a plantation manager and in a Honolulu boarding school for girls, she was having a rather dull time. She simply couldn't understand how the Hawaiian maidens could spend so much time singing their songs, beautiful as they were. But a musical explanation of the word Aloha brought her to the light.

Elaine Mahikoa as Miss Primer, the principal of the boarding school, acted her part perfectly. How such a good looking person could make herself look so prim, so ancient and so old maidish, will always remain a mystery. But she did it, that is certain.

What Ho! Pirates.

Miss Primer stumbled onto a note that Billy Wood, a Lieutenant of the U. S. Cruiser Tennessee, a part admirably acted by Edward Peller, had written Dorothy Dear, saying that he would visit the school with a few of his associates in the disguise of pirates. Miss Primer had no sooner got through reading the little epistle when a gang of real pirates appeared on the scene. She, believing them to be the boys from the cruiser, bluffed them by wild tales of hidden machine guns she had trained on them into going into the kitchen serving as cooks.

George Kuboke, as the pirate chief, was a hard boiled, raring,

tearing buccaneer. Smitten with love at first sight for the Miss Primer, he tamed down and his sad lament and the sad lament of his bandmen worded in the song, "We were crooks, now we're cooks," was sad to hear.

When Billy Wood did come in his pirate disguise, he was captured by the real pirates and bound. But Dorothy Dear couldn't stand to see her Billy in any such predicament and when no one was looking she turned him loose. Of course the news of this was soon carried to Miss Primer.

Fickle School Ma'ms.

By this time the hard heart of the pirate chief, Kuboke was simply pitting so that he couldn't stand it any longer. He hounded the footsteps of Miss Primer telling her of his ardent love in such a realistic fashion that the icicles began to melt from her own refrigerated heart. And when the chief, in ignorance of the fact that the captured pseudo pirate had escaped, and a real pirate of his band had been bound in his place, told her that she held him as much a captive as he held the man in the fetters, her capriciousness ran wild. She led the poor pirate a life that was terrible to behold.

The plot progresses. The escaped Billy comes back with a band of marines and tells the pirate chief that he and his gang are captives. But all ends well when Miss Primer, now a real coy, kittenish spinster intercedes for them and gets them a pardon.

The Stars.

Helen Morgan as Lehua, Daisy Contrades as Lillmo, Eileen Scharch as Kaulani, Daisy Chang as Malle, and John Ferriera, Fred Santos, Jacob Maka and Bobbie Auna as leading pirates also helped greatly in making the play a success. But then, so did all the girls of the chorus and all the other pirates. Every lad and lassie in the play "done themselves noble" as a poet might say.

Prof. F. J. Dollinger and Mrs. Alma Rogers directed the play, arranged the costumes, etc. The good work done by the children tells how well they did their work. That play represented a lot of hard work, intelligently and skilfully directed. Mrs. William Hobby at the piano did her full part in making the pirates successful.

The proceeds are to go for the benefit of the school library.

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